

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 12.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1941

FOUR PAGES

Class Plays Compete Friday And Saturday

Question of Union Fees Still Up in Air For College of Ed. Students; To Be Settled Soon

Senate Ruling Said Ultra Vires by Survey Committee

UNION SHOWING LENIENCY

Registrations Were to be Suspended, But No Definite Action Taken

A number of students in the College of Education have been wondering lately whether they are attending University or not. Physically they are pretty sure, but officially things are more doubtful.

It's this way. Back in the summer a Senate ruling (recently declared ultra vires by the University Survey) made Education into a Faculty. Consequently those taking the course automatically became members of the Students' Union, and so liable

for Union fees. But many of them are graduates, and for graduates Union fees are optional.

Then, due mostly to the really unsettled status of the College of Education, graduates and undergraduates alike were compelled to pay their tuition fees in one lump sum, without the benefit of the instalment privileges accorded to all other faculties. Naturally, there were loud whispers of "Discrimination!" and the class executive began negotiations with the Students' Council to have Union fees, at least, postponed till January.

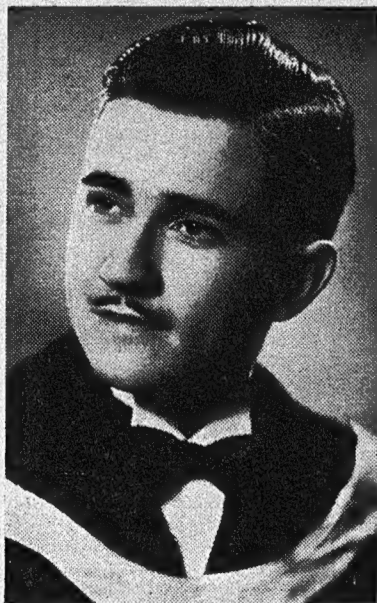
The Council, which apparently did not understand the true situation, about a month ago ordered Union fees payable immediately. So, on Nov. 13, some 20 members of the College of Education received pleasant communications from the Registrar's office that their registrations were suspended for non-payment of fees, and would be cancelled if satisfactory arrangements were not made before Nov. 18.

This, fortunately, proved to be only routine, and no one has been thrown out yet. The Students' Council, too, has investigated more carefully, and is reconsidering its original decision.

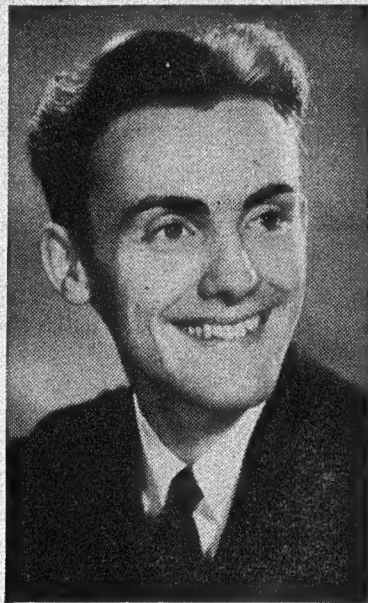
The status at the moment, therefore, is definitely quo. Education students are standing firm, the Council seems about to show leniency, and University authorities are stalling. What looked like a very miserable situation may soon be settled amicably and equitably. It is to be hoped that next fall the position of Education on this campus will be defined accurately enough to prevent the recurrence of circumstances which have caused much bad feeling and reflect no credit on any one concerned.

Special Theatre Party Wednesday

Students! The Outdoor Club is sponsoring a theatre party on Wednesday evening, at the Empress Theatre. It invites you to join with club members to see the outstanding show "Sun Valley Serenade," now showing at the Empress Theatre. Remember that the club has arranged a special rate of 32c a person for your benefit and has reserved a section of the theatre for Wednesday evening. The only credentials you need for entrance to the show is your Evergreen and Gold card and, of course, the 32c. In case the girl friend or the boy friend, whichever the case may be, does not happen to be a Varsity student, but you are, all will be well, and the cut price will hold. Swing fans, Outdoor Club members, ski fans and of course Sonja Henie fans, be on hand at the Empress Theatre on Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. We are going to meet at the theatre.



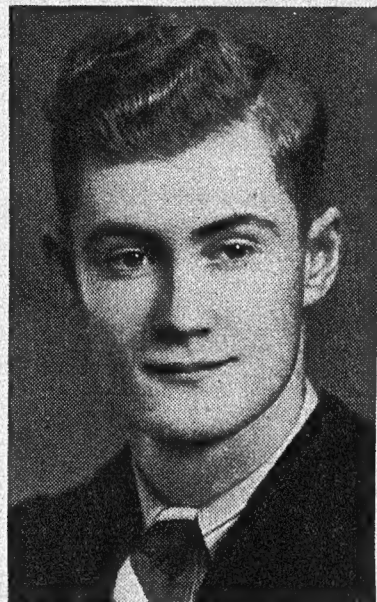
AITKEN
senior director



KENDRICK
president dramatics



BLACK
junior director



HARDY
sophomore director



JONES
faculty adviser



STRATTE
freshman director

Head of North American Greek Students Writes

October 26, 1941.

Fellow Students:

You have given aid to Greece either through our committee, the branch of the Greek War Relief Association in your community, or through the Red Cross. We informed the students of the University of Athens that: "The American and Canadian college and university students were heartily in sympathy with their cause and that they were supporting it both morally and materially."

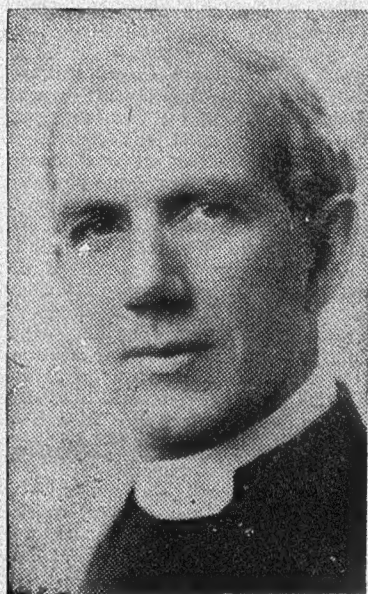
When our message reached Athens the University was closed. The men students had gone to the Albanian mountains to stop the invaders—the women were serving as first aid nurses behind the firing lines. The only students who could be found in Athens were in the hospitals wounded. These invalids gratefully acknowledged our letter on behalf of all their fellows, and enclosed in it a message for you, which, in accordance with their wish, we are mailing to you in the hope that in some way it will be conveyed to the entire student body of your school.

Your sympathy for the cause of Greece has been most heartening to us, and our committee earnestly hopes that your interest in her will not wane now because of her present distress.

Sincerely yours,
CHRYST LOUKAS.

Brewing Speaks Coming Sunday

Dr. Willard E. Brewing, one of Canada's foremost preachers, will speak to the students of the University at the regular Student Service, sponsored by the Student Christian Movement in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning, Nov. 30. Prior to 1930, Dr. Brewing was the Bishop for Canada of the Reformed Episcopal Church. At that time he joined the United Church and became minister of St. Andrews-Wesley, the largest United Church in Vancouver, and gained widespread recognition as a preacher on the Pacific Coast, and was particularly appreciated by



DR. W. E. BREWING

students of the University there. He was for a time President of the British Columbia Conference of the United Church.

Dr. Brewing comes to Edmonton now on a week's preaching mission in McDougall Church. He has been preaching in cities throughout Canada and will continue on through to the coast. At the present time he is minister of St. George's United Church in Toronto and chairman of the United Church Board of Foreign Missions.

The University Choir, under the direction of Ottomar Cypris, will be present to assist in the service. Miss Roberta Keefe will be the guest soloist.

Students and their friends are urged not to miss this opportunity to hear Dr. Brewing while he is in the city, for he is a man who has won respect as a thinker and distinction as a preacher in Canada, and wherever he has been heard.

Greeks of Athens Sending Thanks For Aid Given

To the Students of the United States and Canada

Dear Fellow Students:

Accept our profound gratitude for the material aid which you are giving us and for your genuine sympathy in the cause for which we are fighting. We shall never forget that you have come to our assistance when we needed you most.

Ours is the happy lot to be fighting for the nation where democracy emerged. We are glad for the privilege to make the supreme sacrifice for our Christian faith and national freedom. Our religious and democratic heritage will be defended to the last student. For us, as it was for our ancestors, there is but one choice—Liberty or Death.

We do not know how much more destruction these scientific barbarians will bring on our land and on the rest of Europe before they are whipped, but we are certain that their doom is near. After they are defeated, victors and vanquished must work together for lasting peace and world brotherhood.

We wish it were possible to convey in person our deep appreciation for your kindness, and be assured that we shall remain indebted to you for ever.

Faithfull yours,
THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS.

Directors Polish Productions For Weekend Performances; Students Doing All Make-Up

Best Play, Best Actor and Best Actress to be Selected

FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

Tickets Now on Sale in Arts Basement

After a month of intensive and fatiguing rehearsals, the four one-act plays to be presented by the Dramatic Society this term will be ready for production on the week-end. This year the competition will be run for two nights instead of one, and a new system of ballot counting and adjudication has been arranged by the Dramatic Executive, so that for once the audience's opinion will count something in the final decisions as to who is best actor, actress, and what is the best play. For many

years past the votes have been collected, but never counted. Last year, after the competition, the Dramatic Executive felt that something should be done about it so off they went to find the ballots and count them, only to discover that said ballots had disappeared, and none knew where. However, with thirty ballot counters already chosen, and a system of vote-counting competently planned, the audience will have a chance next Friday and Saturday evenings to make their own decisions. Of course, the four adjudicators, Miss M. Simpson, Mr. Keeping, Mr. Salter and Dr. Gordon, will rate equally with the audience's decisions.

From former Gateways, readers will have gleaned some idea as to the nature and stories of the four plays to be presented. The Senior Class has undertaken a difficult comedy by George Bernard Shaw, "How He Lied to Her Husband," directed by John Aitken. If rehearsals are to be believed, John's small cast of two men, Bill Carr, Corwin Pine, and one girl, Queena Wershof, is handling the play extremely well. A take-off on his own three-act play, "Candida," this story is developed around an amusing situation which results from a young wife's flirtation with a young man other than her husband.

The Junior play, "Hands Across the Sea," written by Noel Coward and directed by Bob Black, has the largest and nuttiest cast. The story is a fast moving sophisticated comedy developing around one of London's sophisticated set, who, with the help of her husband and sophisticated friends, attempts throughout the play to extend "gracious hospitality" to one of the empire's "unsophisticated colonials." The "embarrassment of hospitality" is still in the dark even as the curtain falls. Cast of the play includes Norma Coburn, Evelyn Johnston, Marilyn Diamond, Secord Jackson, Ron Goodison, Alon Johnson, Gerry LaRue, and Jim Woods.

A gripping drama entitled "John Doe," written by Bernard Dyer and directed by George Hardy, will be produced by the Sophomore class. The scene of the play is a vague, rather supernatural kingdom called "Limbo," somewhere in the limitless ether between Heaven and Hell. The situation centers around a number of Big Townish individuals, their characters somewhat on the shady side, awaiting judgment from the Priest at the Pearly Gates. The weakness of humanity is incarnated in the person of John Doe, one of the characters trying to gain admittance to Limbo. Playing the part of John Doe is Bus Osborne, who has taken it before at the Empress Theatre School. Other members of the cast include Mary Bowstead, Bud Eggenberger, John Dubeta, Jack Caldwell, and Don Thornton.

A rather interesting and definitely different theme is seen in the Freshman play "Overtones," written

Education Holds Premier Dance Of the Season

Twenty-seven Brave Blizzard For Evening Fun

AT TENNIS CLUB

Last Thursday night, Nov. 20, the College of Education held its first dance of the season in the 'Scona Tennis Clubhouse. Twenty-seven people showed up, in spite of the blizzard, and it is doubtful if the place would have held any more. For purposes of Strauss Waltzes, at least, twenty-seven people certainly constitute a crowd in that place.

Things got under way about 9 o'clock, after some ingenious person discovered how to turn the radio into a phonograph. Les Radford brought along a number of swing records, and these made the class jitterbug, Paul Matiz, happy, while the rest spent their time keeping out of his way.

Lunch, consisting of cakes, cakes and Dixie cups, was served shortly after 11, and about midnight people began wandering off to much their way home through the snow. Dr. and Mrs. LaZerte and Dr. Argue provided transportation for some of the more fortunate ones.

The entire evening was planned and carried through by the class executive, Doris Berry, Bob Layton, Paul Matiz, and Fran Norris. They are to be congratulated on a very successful "first" party.

by Alice Gerstenberg, and directed by Orville Stratte. The story concerns two supposedly cultured and well-brought-up young ladies, who hide their true feelings under a mask of friendship, but whose real feelings and thoughts are portrayed on their stage by their "other selves." Playing the parts are Marguerite Hayes, Marguerite Jones, Berry Austin, and Hazel Moore.

Tickets for the plays are on sale now in the Arts basement, and on Thursday afternoon at Heintzman's. Prices range from 25c for rush seats to 75c for reserved. Campus "A" cards are worth twenty-five cents.

NOTICE

There will be an open forum debate in Med 158 on Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8 p.m. The subject of the debate is to be, "Resolved the Arts courses should be suspended until after the war." Affirmative, Gerry Amerongen and Orvil Olsen; negative, Jack Raskin and Joe Shooter. There will be no charge. All students are urged to attend and participate in the discussion.

Engineers Hold Big Affair Friday, With Norman Grant in Charge of Entertainment

PIE EATING, BALLOON BURSTING FEATURED

At the E.S.S. informal party last Friday evening, over 200 Engineers and their friends were entertained from 7:30 p.m. until well after midnight. In charge of the affair were Norman Grant, president of the society, B. J. Anderson, vice-president, Bob Inkpen, secretary-treasurer, and the year representatives: Louis Grimbler, Bruce Willison, Jack Gregg and Bob Buckley. The two lucky boys taking care of the refreshment booth were Art Fish and Babe Casault.

A motion picture shown through the courtesy of the Shell Oil Company on "The Development, Refining and Uses of Oil," was the first item on the program. The audience, at least the feminine audience, seemed to enjoy the animated cartoon, "A

Night at the Opera" more than the intellectual pictures on oil.

To dance to the strains of Evan Wolfe's orchestra the guests trooped into Convocation Hall after the chairs had been packed away, and for three and a half hours were busy dancing and watching and listening.

During intermission a delicious pie-eating contest was held, with Dick Davies as winner by a mouthful, of the Varsity sweater donated by Henry Singer for the event. With raspberries and whip cream splattered over their faces and lab coats, the ten well-fed contestants staggered from the stage to leave it free for the next race, when about eight young ladies blew their heads off trying to bust balloons by blowing. After one minute of puffing, Bob

Inkpen called a halt to the race, and by the process of elimination announced that Mrs. Hansen was the winner of the smart navy-blue sweater donated for the occasion by the Beta Nu campus shop in the Garneau Theatre building. During pauses the audience was entertained by some amusing "commercials" over the public address system, and "a special broadcast from Berlin," featuring a "synthetic speech" by Hitler (Alon Johnson), and the announcer hidden behind the grand piano was none other than James Sutherland Woods.

Free cokes and dixie cups (Engineers!) were served from the refreshment booth in the men's common room during the whole evening, or at least until everything was gone.

The Yalensians Produce "The Frog" of Aristophanes in the Yale Swimming Pool

A LIVELY AND ORIGINAL GRECIAN AQUACADE

From the New York Times

Production in the Yale swimming pool of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes as a "Grecian Aquacade" brought out a lively and original show. Roughly summarized, the farce takes the god Dionysus, disguised as his brother Heracles, down to Hades on Charon's ferryboat. Since the death of Euripides, tragic poets are scarce. So Dionysus is making the trip to bring back Euripides. A contest between the latter and Aeschylus for the throne of tragedy is arranged. The poets blackguard each other without regard to the Greek doctrine of "measure." The parodies of Aeschylus, consisting mainly of scraps of verses chucked together, are not too clever.

The competition was really between the old fogies and the young intellectuals; between the romantics and the realists. It is easy to guess which side the young Yalensians would be on. Heracles has been on. Heracles has been in Hades before, where he has raised thunder and unpaid bills. Two land-ladies fall on the unfortunate Dionysus, a scene that has been compared with that of Falstaff and Dame Partlet. There are the usual topical references that make a dictionary of proper names Aristophanes so necessary.

It is to be assumed that the Yale producers cut out whatever was

tiresome, substituted their own lyrics and language for whatever was obscure or stuffy or unintelligible, polished and modernized the whole play. By a stroke of genius, they substituted Shakespeare and Shaw for the two Greeks. In short, they seem to have made a new play that might have been written last week; and the frog chorus, rendered with unheard-of vigor, turned the swimming pool into a ranarium.

The Elizabethans are old friends at Yale. Now the Greeks, duly Englished, and their quibs amended, come on. New Haven swarms with young poets, and conservative parents must be full of gooseflesh.

THE GATEWAY



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MANY and long are the complaints of Varsity students who commute from the north side by street car. For the Varsity bus has forsaken its way. No longer does the ancient diesel engine pull the bus's rattling chassis along the accustomed route to the entrance of the Arts building. By a decision of the City Council it must labor its way past the Medical building, behind the residences, then back to the Arts building. While construction of the new gasoline testing plant is going on, the bus cannot use the road north of the Arts building, but must go south, stopping at the southern entrance to the building. Normally, however, it would stop in front of the main Arts entrance.

So it is that students going to lectures in the Arts building must first take a Cook's tour of the campus. Whereas the bus used to arrive at Arts at approximately 8 a.m., it now arrives at 8:10 a.m., and two dozen students snarl or sigh, "There goes another lecture." They find that there are only two remedies: to jump off at Tuck and dash across the quad, or to get up fifteen minutes earlier.

Not to say that this does them any harm, but this is an unnecessary inconvenience. For one thing, there is no need for an 8 o'clock trip around the residences. No air force men, for whom the service was designed, are on board. One maid going to work is the whole passenger list when Varsity students are excluded. The only people benefitted are medical students, and even then the bus does not stop directly in front of the Medical building for them.

It would seem fair to ask that the bus be not driven over the new route during the early morning. It might not be a bad idea for this early trip to drive the bus up 87th Ave., past the east end of the Medical building, the Extension building, and the south end of the Arts building, and on back to Tuck. It would then be giving the best possible service to both Medical and Arts students.

For other trips during the day we would suggest that the present route be reversed. If the bus were to be driven past the Arts building before proceeding to the residences, Varsity students would be off the bus, and there would be plenty of room for the air force. The trip would not be an inch longer. It would give better service to the University, and it would in no way inconvenience the air force. We hope that responsible men will reconsider the route and, if they see fit, make the necessary revisions.

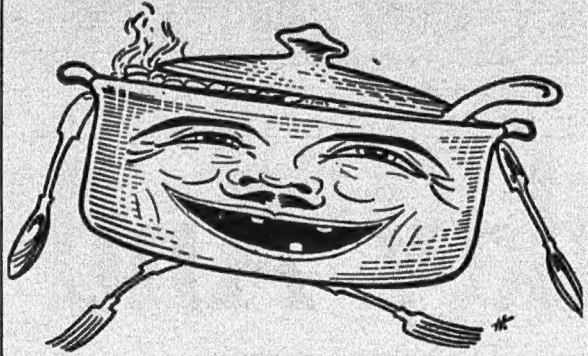
From the Toronto "Varsity"

NEWS that the officials of a large Toronto manufacturing firm have moved to provide its employees with free extension courses at this University sets a precedent in employer-employee relations and adds another to the highly varied education problems solved by the University Extension Department.

While we have written before of this new attitude towards education which seems to be overtaking the world, it still does not cease to be encouraging, or even surprising, that such an attitude should be evidenced at a time when the world is in such a confused state, the fact that it is in evidence augurs well for the general common-sense attitude of those who are leading our war effort can have none but the best effects both in the years of war we face and in the years of peace and reconstruction which will follow.

It is interesting as well as surprising to note that an even greater interest is being taken in education

CASSEROLE



The copper peered into the parked car and remarked: "You ought to be pinched, young lady!" "Say," came the voice inside, "quit giving this guy ideas."

The inspector asked the farmer if he owned any cattle.

"Three bulls," replied the farmer.

"Where can I find them?"

"The large one is half-a-mile down the road, the oldest one is one mile down the road, and the little-bitsy one 3 1/2 miles down the same road."

"Why is the little one so far away?"

"Well, you know a little bull goes a long way."

Man entering store: "I want two tuna fish."

Grocer—You'd better stick to a piano.

"Why does a traffic light turn red?"

"You would too, if you had to change in the middle of the street."

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker, as the coffin fell out of the car.

Medical Officer (examining recruit)—Got any scars on you?"

Recruit—None. How'd you like a cigarette?"

"Please, just one!"

"Nay, nay, sir."

"Please, may I—"

"Nay, nay—"

"Say, was your mother scared by a horse?"

"Why are you taking that whistle with you tonight?"

"I have a date with a football player."

"I've got a new name for the girl friend."

"What is it?"

"Baseball—because she won't play without a diamond."

"Yes, sir, I'm a good girl."

"Who asked you?"

"Nobody."

"Well, no wonder you are a good girl."

"How much do you take off for cash?"

"Sir!"

In spite of gasoline regulations a lot of local motorists are still fueling around.

The shades of night were falling fast,

When for a kiss he asked her.

She must have answered "Yes" because

The shades came down much faster.

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I'm not certain. I think it was checked."

"Boy! Some party!"

Protect our birds. The dove brings peace and the stork tax exemptions.

Short Story

Student (in car, to sweet young thing): "Pardon me—er—but—"

Sweet Young Thing: "No, you've never met met at the Crystal Beach, Waskesiu or Emma Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the way to Edmonton for the Husky-Golden Bear game. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way, and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of Varsity boys. Furthermore, I'm waiting for a 220 pound fiancé. Now, were you going to say something?"

Student (in car): "Yes, darn it; you're losing your undershirt."—Sheaf.

in England, where it might be expected to slip a little. The Central Register of the British Government's Ministry of Labour has been set for the specific purpose of seeing that all existing scientists are used to the best of their capacities, and to train young men in the key sciences.

As in Canada, scientists and technical personnel have been catalogued. In Britain this register numbers in the hundred thousands, and each name has been studied to see that all are playing their full part in the scientific war, in Government research laboratories in technical commissions in the three services, and in development and production work in industry. To fill the greater demands which will come soon, as the amount of equipment grows, all boys with higher school certificates in scientific subjects will be given university education at the expense of the State, under a scheme of State Bursaries made necessary by the war. While we in Canada should admittedly do what we can without strain on the government, some such system in the case of poorer students with real ability might be an even sounder arrangement during war than in peace time.

THE GATEWAY

correspondence

--"evil communications corrupt good manners"--
--menander

Edmonton, Alberta,
11329 St. Albert Road,
Nov. 19, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway:

Sir,—I don't know the Editor of the "Casserole"—fortunately! However, I'm giving him some advice. If he could manage to drag his mind from below his belt for a second and give it a dip in Lysol, we weekly victims of his humorless obscenities might be able to take a Gateway home once in a while. The Gateway, as it exists, is fit only for certain fundamental uses is a small place off the main bathroom.

Be not deceived! I am not noted for fastidiousness in my choice of humor. In fact, I originally came from a farm where the acres are broad and the jokes ever broader. So don't think this is the blushing protest of outraged maiden purity. It's not. Nevertheless, we are not all Medical students, and the slimy rag of which the "Casserole" is the most odorous feature, has long passed the limits of what the human stomach can stand.

Of course, at this juncture, someone is sure to chirp: "If you dislike The Gateway in general, and the 'Casserole' in particular, so much, why read it?"

Very good, Junior, very good indeed! From now on I won't read it! (Another two bucks in the garbage-can. Garbage-can?)

Still, The Gateway goes on though I be not there to smell it. There are other people in Edmonton besides myself (oddly enough), and they occasionally read our representative sheet.

To descend from the heavy sarcasm to the merely heavy— I ask you: What kind of impression does the average Tuesday or Friday Gateway make on the average

Editor's Note: Miss Ferguson failed to mention a very relevant fact. She is neither a member of the Students' Union, nor a subscriber to The Gateway. The impression she creates that she is contributing to the paper's upkeep is entirely erroneous.

University of Toronto to Stage March of Dimes Campaign Soon

Students of the University of Toronto will stage a March of Dimes campaign on this campus on Wednesday, Dec. 3, with an objective of nearly a thousand dollars, to be devoted to International Students' Service, according to announcement made last night by the Students' Administrative Council, sponsors of the all-University drive.

S.A.C. officials said the drive would be merely the first item in a program of spectacular efforts to raise money for the I.S.S. during the present school year. The ten-cent pieces, estimated at a probable total of 9,500, will form a 380-foot silver ribbon which students, staff and public will lay down from curb to curb along the sidewalk behind the old Observatory building facing Hart House.

Spirited Ceremonies Planned
Colorful plans for the ceremony have not yet been completed, but are at present under consideration of a committee which plans to make use of as much appointed by the Students' Council, University talent as possible in outdoor demonstrations encouraging students to contribute to the length of the line. The University of Toronto brass band will take part in the performance, and it is expected a number of student performers will stage a series of outdoor entertainment acts in the paved area in front of Hart House.

Seek Full Student Co-operation
Seeking to co-ordinate all campus drives for funds by amalgamating them in the project, the committee is on the alert for all new possibilities which will bring the first leg of its drive to a successful conclusion. Dance committees have been requested by the Students' Council to devote their proceeds to the I.S.S. funds for needy students in foreign countries who have been deprived by war of opportunities to study, while other money-raising schemes, being carried out in the individual faculties and colleges are throwing their support behind the "March of Dimes" campaign.

Committee Headaches
The committee is also seeking the aid and ideas of all persons in the University who are able to co-operate in helping the drive reach its objective.

Headaches are fairly common on the committee as the methods of

A POEM

When all the day is hushed and still,
The quiet sounds are heard;
The whispering of the wind,
The trickling of a rill,
The muffled peeping of a bird.

Within the stillness of the night,
An unimportant sound
Gains precedence, may even cause a sudden fright
Before its source is found.

A common sound new beauty gains,
With mystery enthralled.
The faintest lights which scarcely show when sun ordains
Now brightly shine, and unappalled.

These in thy searching presence found
I cannot show true light;
For thou in thy harsh beauty bright
shine all around—
In dusk alone, show I my light.
VICTOR E. GRAHAM.

IF THEY WOULD ONLY

—Put vitamins in lipstick Woo-hoo!
—Have on escort society—no steady
—no worries—you could still get around (pictures too, please).
—Appoint an efficiency in study expert—it would cut down on production of gray hair.
—Provide attractive, efficient secretaries for . . .
—Put cushioned theatre seats in all lecture rooms—we are sure we could learn better in comfort.
—Mix us up more in seating plan for some lectures (an occasional

blackout would be appreciated, too).

—Put traffic lanes with safety zones in Art's rotunda—few are fortunate enough to carry that neat folding stepladder.
C. J. C. DAVIS.

TABLE OF LIQUID MEASURE (For Engineers)

2 fingers	1 jigger
4 jiggers	1 snifter
2 snifters	1 snort
4 snorts	1 stink
2 stinks	1 drunk
4 drunks	1 flunk

8 delicious cubes with appetizing flavors

2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM CHOCOLATE
2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM BORDEAUX
2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM VANILLA
2—LIQUID CREAMY CARAMEL

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Neilson's

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and

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SENIORS!

This is the last week in which to have your year book photo taken!

DEADLINE NOVEMBER 29th

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Embossed U. of A. Cards, in University colors..... 10c each, \$1.00 dozen

Large variety of other cards..... 5c and 10c

From now until the end of the month we are putting on a sale of books. Good Reference Books at 25% of original cost.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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U.B.C. on Point Grey Headland, St. GEORGE'S BANNER Three Hundred Feet Above Sea

By Doris Filmer-Bennett

The University of British Columbia, situated six miles from the heart of Vancouver, stands on Point Grey, a headland which rises three hundred feet above the sea. It is separated from the Pacific Ocean by a steep bluff crowned in places with heavy forest growth. This particular site was chosen by the Building Commission in 1910 for the great beauty of its setting, its proximity to the area of greatest population in the province, and for the fact that, since there is open water on three sides, this area can never be surrounded by the city, no matter how large Vancouver may become.

On the north, across English Bay and Burrard Inlet, rise the mountains of the Coast Range. On the

west and south are the waters of the Gulf of Georgia.

Of the 548 acres comprising the University site, about five acres are devoted to the Botanical Gardens, established in 1912. These, the first of such gardens in Canada established to bring together native plants, include a Systematic Garden, containing nearly 1,000 varieties, a Native Arboretum, in which are planted specimens of trees and shrubs of B.C., the Medicinal Garden with native and imported herbs, the Exotic Garden of plants found the world over, and the Japanese Garden presented in 1935 by the friends of the Japanese statesman, Dr. Inaba Nitobe. The Japanese Garden, planned and tended by Japanese gardeners, contains flowers native to Canada and Japan.

Of the main buildings, those which are permanent include the Library, the Science Building, and Brock Hall, all on the east of the Mall. The remaining buildings, built to last approximately forty years, include the Auditorium, seating over a thousand persons, the Arts, Applied Science, Agriculture, Forestry, Administration, and Gymnasium buildings. Union and Anglican colleges are situated a short distance to the east of the main buildings and command an excellent view of the sea and mountains. U.B.C. students point proudly to the fact that the Stadium located just east of Brock Hall, the Gymnasium, Brock Hall itself, and the recently completed Armories are almost wholly products of student endeavor.

Brock Hall is the centre of social life on the campus. Erected in 1938-39, it is the home of the Students' Council and the Publications Board. In the luxuriously furnished lounge students congregate to play bridge, or to chat and listen to recordings or to the radio purchased last year from the funds from Arts Mixers held in the Hall. In Brock Hall are located also the Phraterers Club room, the stage room, the double committee room, the Red Cross work rooms, the social room for girls opened by the Dean of Women this year, and the dining room which operates under the same management as the cafeteria in the auditorium building.

Every student here, as he contrasts his beautiful campus of today with its humble origin as a series of shacks in another part of the city, feels that the University of British Columbia has made wonderful progress in the 26 years of its life.

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EXTRA
SELECTED SHORTS
LATEST NEWS
EMPRESS

NOTICE

Due to the efforts of the Outdoor Club, the management of the Empress Theatre has agreed to allow the same reduced rates to persons accompanied by Varsity students who present their Evergreen and Gold cards.

THEATRE DIRECTORY

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, now showing—Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane."
EMPRESS, now showing—"Sun Valley Serenade" with Sonja Henie, John Payne and Glen Miller and his Orchestra.
GARNEAU, now showing—Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda in "Wild Geese Calling," and Hugh Herbert in "Meet the Champ."
PRINCESS, now showing—"Pot of Gold," also "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride," with Gene Autry.
STRAND, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 25, 26, 27—Robert Taylor in "Billy the Kid," and Robert Newton in "Dangerous Cargo."

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, for three days starting Wednesday — "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," starring Robert Donat with Greer Garson, and "Sing Another Chorus," with Jane Frazier.
VARSCONA, for three days starting Wednesday—"A Girl, A Guy and A Gob," with George Murphy, and "Dr. Kildare Goes Home," starring Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore.
ROXY, for three days starting Wednesday—"Forced Landing," with Richard Arlen, and "Too Many Husbands," starring Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray.
AVENUE, for three days starting Wednesday—"Arise, My Love," starring Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, and "Submarine Zone," with Pat O'Brien.



St. George's Banner, The Symbol of Student Council's Power

PRESENTED BY EARL GREY

By Corwin Pine

Last Tuesday's Gateway carried an editorial on Varsity spirit at the University of Alberta, or rather, on the lack of it. In that editorial was mentioned an historic banner, symbol of the power vested in the Students' Council, and the fact that very few on the campus realize that such a tangible tradition even exists.

It was decided that someone should find out whether there really is such a Banner, or if it is only a myth. So The Gateway staff (intrepid souls!) started to investigate.

First stop was the Registrar's office. "Never heard of such a thing," said an official representative of that inner sanctum. "Try the Cashier."

We went back down the hall. Firmly passing up the temptation to chat with that gorgeous creature at the switchboard, we questioned everyone in the place. No dice.

"We've heard vague rumors that it may still be hanging in Athabasca Dining Hall," we ventured.

"Well, then, Reg Lister can tell you," said one helpful lady. "I think he's on vacation, but you might 'phone his house."

In the Students' Union office we unearthed a telephone, and oh joy! Reg was at home.

"Yes, it's still there," he told us. "Getting a bit faded, though."

Success! We had discovered the hiding place of the emblem of the highest student authority on the campus. And the act accompanying this article will give you some idea of what a truly fine piece of workmanship it is.

Actually, of course, the background is red silk, with a floral motif worked out along the border. The dragon and St. George's armor are green, and there is a red cross on the knight's shield. Upon the scroll is printed the noble motto, "Un dieu, un roi"—"One God and one King."

From the meagre historical details it is possible to dig up, we discovered that the Banner is the work of the Ladies of Wantage, England. It was presented to the University in 1911, through the good offices of Earl Grey, at that time Governor-General of Canada.

Through the years, it has become recognized as an emblem of Students' Union authority. In the library of St. Joseph's College, the President of the University officiates at an impressive ceremony in which the Banner represents a transfer of power from the outgoing to the incoming student administration. Then it promptly disappears for another year.

What possible hope can there be for Varsity spirit when something as vital to its establishment as the Banner remains neglected and unknown? Why is it not preserved under glass in some prominent place, along with an adequate description of its background and implications?

This University is old enough now to have traditions of a more permanent nature than the nostalgic memories of venerable graduates. There is a three-page history in the front of your Calendar, certainly, but it lacks color and inspiration, and contains only suggestions of the efforts and vision required to give us the environment, facilities, and personnel which most of us take for granted or deprecate.

Those 45 undergraduates who began classes in Arts and Science on Sept. 23, 1908, must have been acutely conscious of the privilege, honor, and responsibility of their position. Do we value our good fortune as highly?

Can we acquire such appreciation without a knowledge of all that lies behind that brilliant facade which has been reared throughout the restless years of this momentous century? The walls of the building are hallowed, and the steps are worn thin by many feet, but the feet have passed away, and the walls and steps are not permitted to speak.

Until a record of our predecessors is compiled which challenges the mind and makes the heart beat faster, and until the record is made available to every one among us, there can be no University spirit.

It should not be necessary for the student newspaper to have to resurrect and bring to public attention the symbol of our democratic constitution. That symbol ought to be part of a tradition of culture, achievement, valour, and sacrifice, known and revered deeply by all. And that tradition should be so vital as to demand and compel personal contribution toward its increase and perpetuation.

Ballad of the Ancient Mariner

A Parody

By Drake Shelton

It is an Ancient Mariner,
He stoppeth one of two.
"By thy dirty short and patchy pants,
Now who the deuce are you?"

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Alright, alright, there was, so what—
But why coming telling me?"

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"Merrily did we drop—
"I've dated up a blonde freshette—
Now why not buzz off, pop?"

He holds him with his glistening eye,
The engineer stands still,
And listens like the dope he is—
So on goes Sailor Bill.

We sailed out of the harbor,
Beyond the harbor rock;
To be a quarter owner
I'd put my watch in hock.

We crossed the equator fairly soon,
And broached our rarest wine;

They split a keg, and all the deck
Was covered with white moonshine.
We lost our bo'sun previous like,
For he was wondrous old,
And passing the Australian Bight,
Died of the biting cold.

Then, among austral solitudes,
In the midst of slush and snow
An awful lot like Edmonton
A week or two ago.

There in those frozen solitudes,
In that antarctic sea,
With the southern cross above
And the ice upon the lee—

There—how I hate to tell it,
But have to—woe is me,
With wicked leaden pellet,
I shot the chickadee.

And after that, the mariners
No more with me would sup;
Instead of tea, the chickadee
Was put into my cup.

And then, ere ever I had soothed
My first pangs of remorse,

"Jim Doesn't Ever Bring Me Pretty Flowers!"

No allusion to Jim Woods, Jim Love, Jim Taylor or Jim Manning—none whatsoever.

"Jim doesn't ever bring me pretty flowers;
Jim doesn't try to cheer my lonely hours—
Don't know why I'm so crazy for Jim . . ."

If it hadn't been for the sudden and overwhelming recent popularity of Tschalkowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat minor, this little ditty might have landed in the top spot on the Hit Parade. As it is, it climbed to third place, stayed, and left an impression that's bound to last. It is still being hummed here, there, in the Arts rotunda, round the Med corridors, and in Tuck—"Jim doesn't say that I'm his inspiration, to da da da . . . " "Crazy for Jim . . ."

There is a certain pathos in the song that makes it popular, especially among the feminine members of the . . . It brings home a point unnecessarily hard—a point that's been too apparent to many a young lady in recent years. Yes, things have changed since Grandma's day—for the worse, we'd say, if we are to judge by the woe-filled tone in the lament: "Jim doesn't ever bring me pretty flowers."

J. B. Priestley Over B.B.C.

Now, looking back I can see that my overseas broadcasting can be divided into four periods. The first began just after Dunkirk and lasted until the beginning of the big air attacks on London. It was the period of the fall of France, the immediately threatened invasion, the rapidly increased production, the Island Fortress time. We had an unusually long spell of really hot summer weather. I was broadcasting in the BBC's overseas service three and sometimes four times a week, as well as doing much other work, with the result that I was tired and short of sleep, but, I truly believe, happier than I had been for years. If I gave out any confidence, it was because I felt it myself. It was in the air. All my broadcasting during this time was done from London, from a humming and packed BBC.

You can't go on marching behind a madman and expect to win. You may have apparent victories, you may claim all the battles, but because there is nothing in the deep centre of your leader's mind but a dark roaring chaos, the end can only be tragic for you.

In January, 1934, a Nazi spokesman at the University of Göttingen announced to the astonished world: "On this day we take this vow. We renounce the international republic of learning. We renounce research (Continued on Page 4)

The north wind came and blew on us
With overwhelming force.

We dragged our anchor and we flew,
At least we knew our course.
'Twas from the south pole we were
blew,
So we went north perforce.

The wind was cold as the dry ice
We kept the captain's swig in;
It gave us colds, but sounded nice,
A-whistlin' through the rigg'n'.

The wind blew highly musical
With triplet and cadenza,
But every minor fifth it blew,
Men died of influenza.

We had to eat our mascot, too,
Our own pet parrot Sonia—
And every time the south wind blew
A man died of pneumonia.

The wind it blew so hard one night
From out an ice-bound isthmus,
That, stare ahead straight as they
might,
The crew all got strabismus.

And some went blind from watching
For a vessel that might right us—
While others choked on Sonia's bones,
Or got appendicitis.

And never did the tempest stop
Its uproar and commotion,
Until it left us with a plop
In middle of mid-ocean.

And so we lay there forty days
(The sea made ne'er a motion),
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a calmsome ocean.

One day I looked up dimly
From a pleasant little nap,
And saw a tiny birch canoe,
And two girls playing crap.

And then one yelled. I saw it wasn't
Crap they played but poker.
"The game is done, I've won, I've
won,
Five aces and a joker."

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush
out,
With one stride comes the dark,
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off rushed the poker-shark.

And then anon a little breeze
Came up and fanned my wasted
cheek.
The breeze was wasted too, howe'er,
Because the vessel sprang a leak.

The next think I remember was
I stood upon dry land,
And felt the urge to hold you
With my somewhat skinny hand.

This may sound absent minded, but
I fear such mental parity
Is quite a common feature
Of the Engineers at Varsity!

With this remark he left me
To my own device, so straightway,
I went back home to write it up
And put it in The Gateway.

Oh, for the days when mother was a girl, days when Sunday afternoon brought dashing swains, with gifts of candies, books, and—yes—flowers. (We can just hear the masculine element hiss, "Gold diggers, that's all.") And what have we today?

Comes Sunday afternoon and Jim, Jack, Bob or Bill treats the girl friend to a coke or soda, plus a tune by Bing Crosby or Goodman via the Juke Box. It's boogie woogie or rose-buds, take your choice—if you have any. Yeh Lumsford, say we!

For if the coy maiden of fifty years ago was overwhelmed with primroses and other posies, there was the occasional drawback. For instance, it was highly improper and not in good taste for a young lady to call a man-friend by his first name. And where would the current boy friend be if it were not for the endearing "lambie pie," "sugar," "cookie," let alone Jim, Jack, Bill, or Bob? What would you do if you were warned by the best "Good Manners" books, as mother was, that "A young man who is calling in the evening usually departs at ten o'clock"?

This may sound like a plug for Red Cross ribbons at the formals, but it seems as if nowadays we have given up flowers for freedom. Ah, democracy!

"Jim doesn't try to cheer my lonely hours." The agony involved here requires no psychological explanations by Freud, Judd, Deewey, Stanford, or anyone else. The implications are plain enough. But to the majority of females they are not as cataclysmic as many a male might believe. What with co-eds in a decided minority, the question of lonely hours becomes less involved.

We could, of course, cite the occasional and rare example who is all that Jim isn't and more. We know a few and have heard of a few, which still adds up to too few.

They are the type who gladden all hours, who are more than inspiration, thoughtful, kind and considerate, who send orchids, roses, candy, followed up by diamonds. No "Jim worries" when one of those comes along.

"What's wrong with us?" cry the laddies. "Aren't we a happy medium? Flowers for the formals, jive and cokes for ordinary days—don't tell us the girls want more?"

Yes and no. A happy medium is fine but hard to hit.

"Don't know why I'm crazy for Jim." We don't either. Oh, for the perfect man, flowers, inspiration, far from lonely hours and all—sigh we. Oh, for the perfect girl, ditto ditto, sigh the men. So we all get nowhere, which is just fine. Because "Some day, I know that Jim will up and leave me," which again is just fine—who wants Jim anyway? Let's go down to Tuck and hear the Piano Concerto.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Dr. Shoemaker Donates Trophy Interfac Hockey

Awarded to Most Valuable Player; Teams Pick Two Men; Awards Committee to Decide

Winner Must Be Sportsman as Well as Athlete

ALL HAVE CHANCE

The National Hockey League has its most valuable player award, as have the two major league baseball circuits, American and National. Not to be outdone by these organizations, the Interfaculty Hockey League is to have a like award.

Stan Moher, league supervisor, was enthusiastic yesterday as he gave out the information that Dr. J. S. Shoemaker of the U. of A. Horticulture Dept., is putting up for competition a cup to be awarded to the hockeyist who shows enough ability during this 1941-42 season to deserve the label "Most Valuable Player."

The Men's Athletic Awards Committee will be asked to select the eventual winner. Dr. Shoemaker, who is a member of this group, is quite insistent that in addition to sheer ability, other factors to be considered will be sportsmanship, clean (albeit vigorous) play, co-operation, subjugation of self in the interests of team success, and like desirable qualities.

At the conclusion of the season's play, each team will be asked to nominate two of its players, who will then enter the list of "eligibles" for the cup. The names of the nominees from the various teams will then be turned over to the Awards Committee, who will make the decision. Under this system, all players, whether on the winning team or with the basement dwellers, have a chance at the Shoemaker Cup.

And now a word about the donor. Dr. Shoemaker, the genial professor of Horticulture, was no mean athlete in his own right back in the days of jazz and flappers. He played senior hockey in Ottawa in 1916-17, and one of his opponents of those days was Edmonton's own never-to-be-forgotten Art Gagne. From 1917

to 1921 Dr. Shoemaker was enrolled at Guelph Agricultural College, where he won letters in baseball and football as well as hockey. In his graduation year he captained the ice squad, and one of his players was none other than Bill Cook, former Saskatoon Sheik and New York Ranger, and destined then to become one of hockey's immortals.

Dr. Shoemaker was in the States in 1923, and he turned his hand to coaching. The result—an undefeated Michigan College team.

Since coming to U. of A. in 1934 he has taken a keen interest in matters athletic. Before the war interrupted the activities of Golden Bear hockey squads, he had taken to travelling with the team as faculty representative. He was immensely popular with all the players and officials.

The cup is a generous gesture on Dr. Shoemaker's part, and it will provide additional impetus to an already promising Interfaculty League.

FENCING CLUB

The Fencing Club is holding regular meetings and workouts every Monday and Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. It has been found necessary to move from Athabasca gym to St. Joseph's gym, but the classes will go on as before. New members are cordially invited to turn out. Anyone interested, call the secretary, Jean Vallance, at 33993, or the president, Ben Samuel, at 34272, or just come over to St. Joe's.

The Fencing Club will be holding a party in the very near future. Watch the bulletin boards.

Two out of every three families in the United States own automobiles.

From The Sideline

By BILL HEWSON

Editorially The Gateway, speaking for the Interfaculty Rugby League, wishes to thank Dr. Shoemaker. He has very generously donated a cup to be awarded to the player voted most valuable in the Interfaculty League. Always a keen and consistent supporter of athletics on our campus, Dr. Shoemaker has taken yet another way to show his interest.

All this adds up to indicate that the hockey league will be a real success. So far some sixty players have signed up, and as yet no practices have been held. When the boys get skating around, you can bet that there'll be plenty more on hand.

Stan Moher announced that the tentative date for the opening of the League will be Wednesday, Dec. 10, with two games to be played. It is expected that Arts will tangle with Ag-Com-Law, and Engineers will meet their traditional rivals, the Med-Pharm-Dents.

We dropped around to the gym the other night to watch the Senior men's basketball team going through their paces. There are some pretty handy shotmakers turning out for the team, and on the whole the boys looked quite good. President of Athletics Demetrie Elefthery was in charge of the practice, and had things well under control.

INTERFAC SCHEDULE

December 1—

7:30-8:30—Ags vs. Com-Law-Educ.

8:30-9:30—Arts vs. Pharm-Dents.

Practices — 6:30-7:30, Engineers;

9:30-10:30, Meds.

December 8—

7:30-8:30—Com-Law-Educ vs. Engineers.

8:30-9:30—Meds vs. Ags.

Practices—6:30-7:30, Pharm-Dents;

9:30-10:30, Arts.

January 12—

7:30-8:30—Eng. vs. Pharm-Dents.

8:30-9:30—Arts vs. Com-Law-Educ.

Practices—6:30-7:30, Meds; 9:30-10:30, Ags.

January 19—

7:30-8:30—Pharm-Dents vs. Ags.

8:30-9:30—Meds vs. Com-Law-Educ.

Practices—6:30-7:30, Arts; 9:30-10:30, Eng.

January 26—

7:30-8:30—Eng. vs. Meds.

8:30-9:30—Ags vs. Arts.

Practices—6:30-7:30, Pharm-Dents;

9:30-10:30, Com-Law-Educ.

February 2—

7:30-8:30—Pharm-Dents vs. Meds.

8:30-9:30—Arts vs. Eng.

Practices — 6:30-7:30, Com-Law-Educ;

9:30-10:30, Ags.

February 9—

7:30-8:30—Com-Law-Educ. vs. Pharm-Dents.

8:30-9:30—Eng. vs. Arts.

Practices — 6:30-7:30, Arts; 9:30-10:30, Meds.

February 16—

7:30-8:30—Meds vs. Arts.

Note times that the gym will be open for practice periods for the listed teams. It is expected that those teams will take advantage of this period.

Referees will be on hand before the game starts. The first-named team will be responsible for the date, for timekeepers and scorekeepers.

Please see that this is attended to before the game. Score sheets will be turned over to the Interfaculty

Manager after being properly endorsed.

Any faculty not fielding a team for a scheduled game will automatically forfeit the game. Points will be awarded on the number of wins, and the high team will be declared winner.

Six Teams Enter Interfaculty Basketball Loop For Another Season of Hot Competition

Arts, Aggies, Engineers, Meds, Pharm-Dents and School of Ed. Will Comprise Circuit

LARUE TO ANNOUNCE SCHEDULE

Interfac basketball got off to a good start this week, with practices being held by all the teams at the gym in Athabasca Hall.

The league promises to be bigger and better than ever this year. Gerry LaRue, manager of men's interfaculty basketball, announced that he expected six teams to make up the loop, and that should make for some hot competition. Entries to date are Ags, last year's champions, Arts, Meds, Pharm-Dents, and Engineers. School of Ed. are expected to provide the sixth team, and word will be forthcoming soon.

Aggies have held a couple of practices already this week, and they give every indication of being a strong aggregation. Word is getting around that they intend to repeat their victory of last year, mopping up the circuit, as they did in football this fall.

Arts looks like a good bet again for this season, while the Pharm-Dents advertise a couple of players who are going to help them stage an upset or two.

The rejuvenated Faculty of Medicine stated boldly that they would field a team, and served notice that they would trim the pants off all competitors. Evidently they are still fired by that spark that sent them through the football season, fighting with a spirit not seen in many a year.

Engineers are the dark horses to

Manager after being properly endorsed.

Any faculty not fielding a team for a scheduled game will automatically forfeit the game. Points will be awarded on the number of wins, and the high team will be declared winner.

date. It is most surprising that they, above all, are saying the least concerning sporting activities, and their basketball team in particular. It really isn't like them.

Gerry LaRue hopes to have a schedule drawn up ready by the beginning of the week, so that games can get under way as soon as possible.

RUGBY CLUB SAYS THANKS

Maybe our Golden Bears didn't win the Intercollegiate title, and maybe they didn't even win all their games, but despite these setbacks the club did receive excellent co-operation from the faculty and staff and student body. The Rugby Club sincerely wishes to thank the following, in particular, for their help in staging the series this year:

Louis Grimble, Bob Buckley, Bob Hole and George Stuart—yardsticks, linesmen.

Prof. H. W. Hewetson — scorekeeper.

Prof. J. W. Porteous—timekeeper.

Prof. A. W. Matthews—representative on the W.C.I.R.U.

Bruce Collins and Norm McLean—ticket sellers.

Jack Timmins, Doug Pettigrew and Ed Bates—field decorations.

Edge King and Jack Raskin—public address system.

Dr. W. C. Broadfoot, Ralph Adshad and Reg Lister—advice.

Roy Haliburton—timekeeper.

Tommy Hays and Percy Daigle—assistant coaches.

(Signed),

DON C. JOHNSTON, President.

BOB TORRANCE, Manager.

J. B. Priestley

(Continued from Page 3)

for its own sake. We teach and learn medicine, not to increase the number of known microbes, but to keep the German people strong and healthy. We teach and learn history, not to say how things actually happened, but to instruct the German people from the past. We teach and learn the sciences, not to discover abstract laws, but to sharpen the weapons of the German people in competition with other peoples." In other words, science, like everything else, is to be placed at the disposal of the Nazi gang. It is, in short, to be prostituted. "In the future, too, in the selection of the leaders of these institutions, the soldierly National Socialist attitude will always be decisive, and not the scientific applications." All this, together with a will to victory from generation to generation, will produce a people who will be "the master people of this earth."

Well, there you have it plain enough. Never mind about scientific qualifications and the like for your teachers. What are needed are proven leaders of the S.A. and S.S. formations; in other words, proven blackguards from the jack-booted and brown-shirted ranks of stormtroopers and the like, proven and successful street fighters, looters, Jew baiters and torturers, and "Heil Hitler" robots. Out of this half-educated and brutalized mob will come the master people of this earth. Real knowledge will vanish; true science will disappear; the very desire for truth will quit the darkening minds of men. And it is that growing empire of darkness, cruelty and insanity we are fighting, and must ask every decent-minded man and woman in this world to fight for us. There can be no pact or truce with it. Either we destroy it forever, or it will destroy us, and all that we hold dear, for ever.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

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